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AMERICAN HISTORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS

By Albert F. Blaisdell

AND

Francis B. Ball

The American History Story-Book

The English History Story-Book

The Child's Book of American History

Heroic Deeds of American Sailors

American History for Little Folks

Pioneers of America

Log Cabin Days

American History For Little Folks

By

ALBERT F. BLAISDELL

AND

FRANCIS K. BALL

Authors of "The American History Story-Book,"
"The Child's Book of American History,"
"Heroic Deeds of American Sailors," etc., etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

FRANK T. MERRILL

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181380

PREFACE

This little volume is intended to be a supplementary reading-book on American history for use in the third grade of our public schools, and for other boys and girls from ten to twelve years of age.

A few of the more dramatic and picturesque events in the history of our country are here presented in a simple and easy style. They have much of human interest, and are full of action. Professor Hinsdale, in his "How to Study and Teach History," well says that a bit of romance, poetry, anecdote, or story will often throw more light on a historical situation or let you deeper into a man's heart and life than a page of careful analysis or a laborious description.

These stories rest on a historical basis. It is hoped that they will not be read and thrown

aside like the ordinary collection of stories. The book is written to serve as an introduction to the more advanced books of this series, namely, "The American History Story-Book," "The Child's Book of American History," and "Heroic Deeds of American Sailors." It is suggested that teachers and parents take pains to supplement the text with such additional material as may be obtained from the other volumes of the series.

The verses in the fourth story are from Mrs. Hemans's poem called "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England."

ALBERT F. BLAISDELL,
FRANCIS K. BALL.

AUGUST, 1917.

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AMERICAN HISTORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS

I

COLUMBUS, THE SAILOR

A LITTLE Italian boy, named Christopher Columbus, lived many years ago in the city of Genoa, by the sea. He used to watch the ships when they sailed away to distant lands. And he watched for them to return with their loads of spices, silks, and gems. Most of his playmates had fathers or brothers who were sailors, who told wonderful stories of the strange things they had seen. No wonder that the bright-eyed Columbus longed to go to sea.

"I am going to be a sailor when I'm a man," he said to his father. "I know

now the names of all the ropes and sails of a ship."

"I am sure you will never care to work with me in cleaning and combing wool," was the reply. "I am willing for you to go to sea. But you must go to school first, and learn about the winds, and tides, and stars."

Years passed away. The boy grew to be a man, and became a sailor. On a voyage to England there was a sea fight, but Columbus escaped to Lisbon, in Portugal. From here he made long voyages in the Atlantic Ocean. He sailed north into the seas beyond England, and far to the south, along the coast of Africa. When he was at home, he spent his time in study, or talked with old sailors about their voyages, and earned a living by making maps and charts.

Now this was more than four hundred years ago, and in those days very little of the earth was known. Sailors did not ven-

ture far from the land. They kept mostly in the sea between Europe and Africa. The Atlantic Ocean was called the Sea of Darkness. People said that if a man sailed far out on it, he would never get back again, but would be lost in clouds of darkness and seas of fire. They also said that it had monsters big enough to swallow a ship.

But there were a few wise men who did not believe these stories. They felt sure that the earth was round.

"If you sail straight west," some said, "you will come back to the place from which you started."

"No, indeed," others declared. "The earth is flat, like the floor of a room. If you go far enough, you will come to the edge, and fall off."

Columbus was one who did not believe that the earth was flat.

"I'm sure it is round like a ball," he said. "If it is, I can sail round it, just

as a fly can crawl round an orange, and I can reach India by sailing straight to the west. If I can only get ships and sailors, I will try it."

But he was a poor man. What could he do without money to buy ships and hire sailors? He must find rich and powerful people to help him.

Now when Columbus talked in this way about sailing across the Sea of Darkness, people said it was wild and foolish talk. The idea that men could live on the other side of the earth! "Why, they would have to walk with their feet up," they said, "and their heads hanging down." And others said, "If you sail down hill to the other side, how can you sail up hill and get back home?"

We are told that even the children used to laugh and shout at Columbus. The boys would tap their foreheads with their fingers as he walked along the street, and whisper, "He is crazy."

gerous voyage. You must give me time to think about it."

The king talked with the wise men of his court, but they only laughed at Columbus, saying, "Do not spend money on this man's wild ideas."

There was a long and weary wait.

"Perhaps France will help me," Columbus said at last. "I will go there."

But a friend had gone and told Ferdinand's queen, Isabella. She sent for Columbus, and promised him help.

"Your plans are worth trying, Columbus. If need be, I will sell my jewels to raise the money."

Three small ships were now made ready for the long voyage across the Sea of Darkness. They set sail from Palos, August 3, 1492.

Day after day and week after week they sailed out on the trackless ocean. Before them, and behind them, there was nothing but a waste of sky and water. The men

began to be uneasy. They called to mind the old stories about the Sea of Darkness.

"We shall never find land," they grumbled. "The east winds are carrying us right away from home. How can we ever sail back? We shall all be lost."

Some of the sailors became so angry that they planned to throw Columbus overboard, and sail back to Spain. They would say that he fell into the sea while looking at the stars.

Columbus was as firm as a rock.

"Go back to your work, men," he said. "If at the end of three days no land is found, we will sail back home."

Columbus had seen signs of land. Sèaweed had floated past. A bird now and then flew over his ship. Once a bush with red berries was seen in the water.

One night, when Columbus stood on the high deck and looked to the west, he saw a light, which seemed to rise and fall on the water.

"I CLAIM THIS LAND IN THE NAME OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA OF SPAIN." *Page 9.*

"Look there, man; do you see a light?" he asked a sailor.

"Surely, master. It is like a torch waving to and fro. Land must be near."

Columbus and his men waited impatiently for day. At sunrise there lay before them a lovely tropical island. This was on Friday morning, October 12.

Joy filled the heart of Columbus. He believed that he had reached one of the islands off the coast of India. He did not know that he had found a new world.

Dressed in a scarlet robe, with sword in hand, he went ashore. He threw himself on his knees, and kissed the earth, and gave thanks to God for bringing them safely over the trackless ocean.

He then set up a cross, and unfurled the Spanish flag, saying, "I claim this land in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain."

The little island was one of the Bahamas, north of Cuba, and not far from the coast

of Florida. Columbus gave it the name of San Salvador.

The island seemed like a fairy land.

"It is so beautiful a country," Columbus said, "that I should like never to leave it."

The sea was as smooth as glass. Birds with gay plumage flitted in and out of the woods. Beautiful flowers, strange fruits, and wonderful trees were everywhere. And the people looked odd, with their high cheek bones, copper-colored skin, and straight black hair.

"It is all strange," said Columbus to himself. "These people are savage, and yet I am sure this is India." And so he called them Indians. By this name they are called to this day.

Columbus spent some weeks among the islands. At last he set sail for Spain, to carry the news of his wonderful voyage. It was a proud day for him and for Spain when he reached home. Ferdinand and

Isabella sent for him to come and tell them his story. And the proudest and richest men of the kingdom were glad to honor him.

III

THE HERO OF VIRGINIA

THERE was once an English boy named John Smith. He ran away to sea and was shipwrecked. Somebody stole what little money he had. He went back to England and enlisted in the army.

Suddenly he left the army. He built a hut for himself in the thick woods. Here he lived with his horse, which was his only companion. He learned to use sword and gun, and to ride horseback.

At one time he was on a ship near the coast of Italy. A storm came up. The sailors said that he was a bad fellow and the cause of the storm. And so they threw him into the sea.

He was a good swimmer, and reached

an island in safety. He was soon rescued and taken on board a French man-of-war. In a sharp battle he fought so well that he received a share of the prize money.

At another time he fought against the Turks. But he was captured, and sold as a slave. His master put an iron collar round his neck, and was cruel to him.

One day the Turk hit him a blow on the head. This was more than the young Englishman could bear. He struck the Turk, jumped on a horse, and rode for his life.

After many hardships he got away from Turkey, and found his way back to England. He came home just in time to hear about a band of people who were to sail across the ocean to settle in Virginia.

John Smith was now only twenty-seven years old, and life in a tiny English village was dull. Nothing could suit him better than to go to the New World to seek new adventures, and so he joined

the company who were just starting for America.

For many weeks they were tossed about on the stormy sea. They finally reached land, near the mouth of a broad river, and sailed slowly up the stream. This was in the month of May, 1607.

It was a lovely time of year. The air was soft and warm. Birds sang in the woods. Flowers bloomed on the banks of the river. Here the colonists found a place to clear the land and build their log cabins. They called the river the James, and the settlement Jamestown, in honor of their king.

These settlers had a bad time of it. At home most of them had never been used to hard work. What did they know or care about cutting down trees or planting corn? They spent their time hunting for gold. They came for gold, they said, and gold they must have.

There were other troubles too. It was

late in the season to plant corn, even if the men were willing to work. And the food which they brought from England would not last long. Then the Indians did not like the white-faced strangers, and made trouble for them. Worst of all, many of the settlers fell sick.

This was the time for a man like John Smith. There was need of a leader, or the feeble settlement would perish.

Now many of the settlers did not like John Smith. On the long voyage to America he had made some of the lazy ones go to work. And he used to tell big stories, and brag of what he had done in foreign lands. Still, they all knew about his courage and good sense.

But Captain John was the right man in the right place. He took hold with a good will. He worked early and late, and kept everybody busy. Some chopped down trees. Others dug up the ground and planted corn for a late harvest.

"If you are too lazy to work," said the new leader, "you may starve. The rest shall not feed you."

When the settlers were in need of food, he took a few men in an open boat and sailed up the James River to trade with the Indians. He gave beads, little mirrors, and trinkets for corn and beans. Often the red men were ugly and would not trade ripe corn for trinkets. But John Smith was a fearless man and a shrewd trader. Even if the Indians would not at first trade, he in some way gained their good will, and sailed back to Jamestown with a boatload of food.

Most of the settlers soon grew tired of the hardships. Without the good sense, boldness, and restless energy of John Smith, the people of the feeble, half-starved colony in Virginia would have lost their courage and gone back to England. Through their brave leader the English people gained their first foothold in the

New World. In Virginia was laid the first foundation stone of our great nation. John Smith is often called the Hero of Virginia and the Father of Virginia.

IV

SEEKING A NEW HOME

FOR many weeks the little ship Mayflower had been making her way across the Atlantic. Storm after storm tossed the vessel about. The passengers often thought that they must all perish.

"Land! Land!" shouted a sailor, early one morning.

The frail and leaky vessel, driven out of her course, had reached the barren shore of Cape Cod, and found shelter in the harbor. It was a bleak November day. Not a living thing was to be seen but the gulls, which flew with shrill cries to and fro over the water.

a gale drove their boat ashore on an island. Early on Monday morning they rowed over to the mainland. There they found a lovely spot "with cornfields and little running brooks." Not far from the shore was a large spring of pure cold water.

Captain John Smith had made a map of this region, and called the spot Plymouth. The Pilgrims liked the name, for they had sailed from Plymouth in England.

"Here is our home at last," said Captain Miles Standish; "let us hurry back with the good news."

On December 21, 1620, the Pilgrims arrived at Plymouth. The place had once been an Indian village. But most of the red men had gone, leaving their cornfields for the strangers to plant.

The Mayflower had to anchor out in the bay. The woman and children stayed on board. The men went ashore to cut down trees and build houses.

On Christmas Day the first log cabin was

raised. "No man rested on that day," said Governor Bradford in his Journal; "we had a sore storm of wind and rain."

The people were not used to the raw climate, and suffered from exposure and lack of food. Sometimes they had to live entirely on clams. The good Elder never failed to ask a blessing on their scanty meals and thank God, "who had yet given them of the treasures hid in the sand."

At last the sad winter was at an end. The spring came early that year. We read in Governor Bradford's Journal, "The grass was green and the birds were singing merrily on the third day of March. There was a lively thunderstorm in the afternoon."

A few days later two of the girls found on the edge of a snowbank some sweet rose-tinted flowers.

"God be praised," said the good Elder. "Behold our Mayflower here." Ever since that day, three hundred years ago,

the boys and girls have picked Mayflowers in the Plymouth woods.

The middle of April came. The captain of the ship was in a hurry to return to England. The day of sailing came. With sad faces and tear-dimmed eyes, the Pilgrims climbed the hill and waved farewell.

The ship had been their home for many months, and was dear to them all. But they did not wish to go back with her.

In silence they watched the sail grow smaller and smaller.

At last, when they could see it no longer, the good Elder Brewster said, "Let us pray." And they knelt and thanked God, and took courage.

V

CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH

CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH had been an English soldier. He became a good friend to the Pilgrims. He liked them for their simple and honest ways of living. When they sailed for the New World, he went with them. It was well that he did so, for he was the most useful man in the whole colony. A good soldier was needed to fight the Indians. When the Pilgrims were sick, he nursed them, and was as gentle as a woman.

Captain Standish was a little man. He was not much taller than most boys of fourteen. Some of the Indians used to laugh at him behind his back, and call him

Captain Shrimp. Others called him Boiling Water, because he was easily made angry. But they learned to fear him, and let the Pilgrims alone.

While the Mayflower was at anchor at Cape Cod, Captain Standish and his men made several trips along the shore of the bay. They had to sleep in the snow, and much of the time they were wet to the skin.

One morning they were awakened by a wild cry. They had never heard anything like it before. It was an Indian war whoop.

Even brave Captain Standish was a bit startled. But he quickly rallied his men, who fired their guns at the savages.

The Indians ran off in great haste. They had never heard guns fired before. They were afraid of the white-faced strangers who could make thunder and lightning when they pleased.

On one of their trips the Pilgrims found

a little tree bent to the ground, with some acorns scattered about.

"Look out there, men," cried Captain Standish; "it may be a deer trap which the Indians have set."

"Let me take a look at it and see what I can find," said William Bradford, who did not watch where he was stepping.

All of a sudden the trap sprung. The dignified man was caught by the foot, and found himself jerked up in the air. We may be sure that this made even the sober Pilgrims laugh.

The first harvest at Plymouth was good. When the crops were gathered in, the Pilgrims had a time of thanksgiving. To this feast the Indian chief Massasoit and ninety of his braves were invited. They came dressed in deerskins, feathers, and foxtails. Their faces were daubed with red, yellow, and white paint. Round his neck Massasoit wore a bag of tobacco and a string of beads.

The feast was kept up for a week. Captain Standish did his part every day. At sunrise he fired the cannon on the top of the hill, and paraded his little company of twelve soldiers.

A few years later the Indians made an attack on the people in a little village not far from Plymouth. Captain Standish with a few men rushed to the help of the settlers. The redskins were bold and ugly. A big Indian, much larger and stronger than Standish, came up to him with a knife in his hand.

"So you are the great paleface chief who has come to fight us," said the Indian. "You are a little man. Go home and work with the women. You cannot fight."

Captain Standish was boiling over with anger. For a wonder he kept control of himself.

The next day he and his men met the Indians in a log cabin. The big Indian was again insulting. Suddenly the door

was shut. Captain Standish sprang like a tiger on the big redskin who had made fun of him. A general fight took place, but the Pilgrims won.

This bold deed of the fiery little captain put an end to the trouble with the savages.

During that first hard winter on the Plymouth shore Captain Standish lost his lovely young wife. His life became more and more lonely. At last he made up his mind to marry again, and wished to win Priscilla Mullins, who was an orphan.

Now the Captain was a bold Indian fighter, but was timid in making love. He did not have the courage to go to Priscilla, but urged his young friend John Alden to woo her for him.

John Alden, who also loved the girl, and wished to be true to his friend, at first refused. But at last he went to her home with the Captain's message.

He found Priscilla sitting at her spinning wheel, singing. He gave her a bunch

of Mayflowers, which he had gathered on his way through the woods, and told her why he had come. And he praised the Captain for his bravery and goodness.

Priscilla knew John Alden's heart, but listened to his pleading for his friend. Then turning to him with a sweet smile, she said, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

We have not time now to tell you the rest of the story. Some day you may read it in Longfellow's poem called The Courtship of Miles Standish.

Across the bay from Plymouth, on a high point named Captain's Hill, stands a granite monument, over one hundred feet high. On the top of it, looking toward the broad ocean, there is a statue of the fiery but tender-hearted Captain Miles Standish.

VI

DARK DAYS IN NEW ENGLAND

IT was in the year 1675, a little more than fifty years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. Philip, the son of the good Massasoit, was now chief of the Indians who lived in this region. He called himself King Philip. He was a shrewd, crafty, and cruel savage. He hated the English. He saw that there were more and more white-faced settlers coming every year.

"If the red man does not drive out the paleface," he said, "the paleface will drive out the red man."

Many of the settlers, like honest men, had bought their land of the Indians, and paid for it in knives, guns, and blankets.

Others were dishonest. They cheated the red men in trading cheap beads and trinkets for skins and furs.

King Philip planned to harm the English. In the year of our story he sent gifts to other chiefs, saying, "Come and help me to drive out the white-faced strangers."

Now came the "black and fatal days" that the old Pilgrim preachers spoke of. There broke out a war of fire and fury that laid waste the land.

The first blow was struck at the village of Swansea, near King Philip's home. It was a little place of forty log cabins. One Sunday forenoon, while the people were at church, a party of savages stole into the village and set fire to several cabins.

A young man galloped to other villages for help.

"Indians! Indians!" he shouted; "the Indians have set fire to Swansea. Come and help us."

Men hurried to the rescue. When they

reached the village, they saw a sight that made them pale and heartsick. The bodies of men, women, and children, cruelly killed, lay near their burned log cabins.

A few days later the same savages attacked another village. Some of the people were burned at the stake.

The war spread like wildfire from Plymouth to the valley of the Connecticut River. Up the valley of the river, from Springfield to Northfield, was a chain of tiny villages. These distant places were always in danger from the Indians.

One night in August three hundred savages made a sudden attack on Brookfield. Nearly all the people fled from their cabins to the large blockhouse.

The redskins shot arrows tipped with burning rags on the roof of the blockhouse. But the women and children crawled into the attic and threw water out on the burning shingles. The Indians then tried to get near enough to the house to set it on

fire. From the overhanging windows and loopholes the men kept them back with their guns.

After dark an Indian crept up and set fire to a corner of the blockhouse. A brave young fellow ran outside and put out the fire.

For three days and three nights the fight with the howling savages was kept up.

One day the Indians made a rude sort of cart and loaded it with hay. They lighted the hay, pushed the cart toward the blockhouse, and set it on fire. The tired people seemed near death. Suddenly the sky grew dark. A heavy shower came and put out the fire.

On the third day a man was sent out to spread the news of the fight. Thirty miles from Brookfield he met an old Indian fighter named Simon Willard at the head of forty-seven men on horseback. Just after sunset the sturdy old man and his company galloped into the village. They

quickly drove the howling savages to a swamp, fifteen miles away.

A romantic story is told of the Indian attack on the little village of Hadley. The people were in church when they heard the awful war whoop of the Indians. The men seized their guns and ran out. The village seemed filled with savages.

For a moment the men were dazed. Their courage almost gave way. All at once a tall old man with white hair and a long white beard stood among them. He wore a sword and carried a gun.

"Follow me," he said calmly; "I will be your captain."

In a short time the Indians were put to flight, and the village of Hadley was safe.

"Who was this who saved our village?" the people asked.

Nobody could say. The stranger was nowhere to be found. The people of Hadley never saw him again.

"It was an angel sent from heaven to

save us," some said, as they told the story to their grandchildren in after years.

It is thought that the old soldier was Colonel William Goffe. He had fled from England to America, and was kept hid by friends.

Another dreadful fight with the Indians soon took place at Bloody Brook, near Deerfield. Seven hundred Indians hid in ambush and attacked a company of ninety men when they were crossing this small stream. Only eight escaped to tell the story.

During the next winter a fierce attack was made at sunrise on the village of Lancaster. Forty men, women, and children found shelter in the minister's large log house. Only one escaped. A dozen or more were killed, and the rest were carried off as captives.

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Soon after this a band of two thousand Indians gathered in a big log fort in Rhode

Island. They felt safe, for they were in a swamp, and hard to reach.

But Captain Church, a fearless Indian fighter, tramped through snow and water with about a thousand sturdy men. There was a bitter fight on a stormy Sunday afternoon. Nearly half of the Indians were killed. Their wigwams were set on fire, and their supply of corn was burnt.

This defeat saved the people in the villages.

Shortly afterward Captain Church captured the wife and children of the cruel King Philip.

"Now I am ready to die," said the great chief.

He was hunted from place to place. At last an Indian told Captain Church where he was hid. Church and his men surrounded the spot.

"Now we have him," said Captain Church. "It is impossible for him to escape."

The death of King Philip put an end to this cruel war.

Indeed those were "black and fatal days, the saddest that ever befell New England." One thousand brave men had been killed or made captives. Women and children had been killed with the tomahawk or tortured to death. Twelve hundred log cabins had been burned. Of ninety villages twelve had been destroyed.

VII

THE DUTCH IN NEW YORK

HENRY HUDSON was a famous English sea captain. The people called him "the bold Englishman." He had made several voyages to find a way to China and India through the Arctic Ocean. He went nearer to the north pole than any other sailor of his time. Great icebergs nearly crushed his little ship, and forced him to sail back to England.

At this time the Dutch people who lived in Holland were carrying on a brisk trade with Asia. They were looking for a passage through the continent of America, hoping to reach that distant land more quickly than by sailing round the Cape of Good Hope.

The Dutch merchants had heard of Hudson's daring trips to the far north. So they hired him to sail once more to discover a passage to the Pacific Ocean. They furnished him with a little ship called the Half Moon. This was in 1609, eleven years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth.

But it was the same old story. The sailors grew tired of fogs, ice, and the bitter cold. They were ugly and unruly.

"Turn back, Captain," they cried. "Turn back before our vessel is dashed to pieces against the icebergs, and we are frozen to death in these icy waters."

Now Captain John Smith had sent a map to his old friend Captain Hudson, and told him that there was a strait leading into the Western Ocean north of the English colony in Virginia. Thus it came about that Hudson turned his ship to the south, and sailed up and down the coast to find the gateway to the Pacific.

One lovely day in September he sailed into a great bay. Here he dropped anchor not far from the mouth of a broad river, which he named the Great River.

Indians soon flocked about to see the "great white bird," as they called the Half Moon, on account of her white sails. These red men had never seen a ship before, and did not know what to make of the strange visitors. They were kind to the white-faced strangers. They brought grapes, furs, and corn, and traded them for beads, knives, and red coats.

Hudson sent out some of his men to take a look at the land. They came back and said, "It is as pleasant with grass and flowers and very sweet smells as ever we have seen."

After a few days the Half Moon sailed up the beautiful river, which has since been named the Hudson. The Indians came from far and near and gazed in wonder at the little Dutch ship. Men, women,

and children in their canoes paddled round the vessel. Eagerly they traded corn and tobacco for pieces of red cloth, shining brass buttons, and hatchets.

One old Indian chief made a feast in his bark wigwam, and invited Captain Hudson and his men. They sat on a mat and ate from a huge wooden bowl. The chief invited Hudson to stay all night. The Indians broke their arrows and threw them into the fire. This was to show that they did not mean to do any harm.

Hudson then sailed up the river until he reached the spot where now stands the city of Albany.

"This is as beautiful a land as one can tread upon," he said; "but the river grows narrower, the water is fresh. Surely this is not the way to the Pacific."

Slowly and sadly he put the Half Moon about, sailed down the river, and then across the ocean to Holland. He claimed the country on the banks of the great

river for Holland. He told the Dutch people that the land was the most beautiful in the world.

It was plain from his story that he had found a land where the natives had plenty of furs, and the Dutch sent out men to trade with the Indians.

After a time they built a log fort and log cabins on the lower end of what is now Manhattan Island. This little village of log houses they called New Amsterdam, after the chief city of Holland. For twenty-four dollars worth of beads, ribbons, knives, and other trinkets, they had bought the whole island on which New York now stands.

The Dutch kept the country for only about fifty years. They did not get along well with the governors who were sent out from Holland. There were four of these in all, and rather a bad lot.

The fourth and last governor was Peter Stuyvesant. He was an honest, stubborn,

THE OLD GOVERNOR TORE UP THE LETTER. *Page* 43.

fearless, but hot-tempered man. Some of the people called him Headstrong Peter, and others named him Old Silver-leg, because having lost a leg in battle, he used a wooden one with bands of silver round it.

Now the king of England did not take kindly to the Dutch and their success in building up trade in New Amsterdam. So he made a present of the whole region to his brother, the Duke of York. He claimed that the land belonged to England, because John Cabot had taken possession of it many years before, and he sent an English fleet over.

"Pull down that Dutch flag and surrender the fort," wrote the commander of the fleet, "or I'll fire on you."

The old governor tore up the letter, and with his wooden leg stamped about in great anger.

"I'll die before the fort shall be given up to the English," he said to the women and children who begged him to surrender.

But it was of no use. The people were tired of the stubborn old governor. They would not fight. They would rather take a chance with the English.

So the Dutch flag came down, and the flag of England was run up in its place. From that time the name of the whole region was changed from New Amsterdam to New York, in honor of the king's brother, the Duke of York.

VIII

WILLIAM PENN, THE QUAKER

THE tower of the City Hall in Philadelphia rises more than five hundred feet above the street. On the top of this tower is a large statue of William Penn. His hands are outstretched as if to give a blessing. This great and good man was the founder of the colony of Pennsylvania, about sixty years after the Pilgrims began their home at Plymouth.

William Penn's father was a rich and famous English admiral. He had fought many battles for England, and was a great favorite with the king and royal family. William, a bright, handsome, and well-behaved lad, was the admiral's only son. He received instruction from the best teachers.

When he went to Oxford University, he was dearly loved by all who knew him, because of his kind heart and winning ways.

While he was at college, he heard a famous Quaker speak. He was much interested. He came to believe that the Quakers were right, and made up his mind to join them.

The Quakers, or Friends, as they called themselves, were a good but peculiar people. They lived quietly, and dressed plainly. They were honest, hard-working, and prosperous. They were peaceable, observed the laws, and minded their own business.

They believed that war was wicked. They said that men should love each other, and live in peace.

They would not take off their hats to anybody, not even to the king.

In their church they had no pastor, music, or sermon. They sat on wooden

benches in silence, or rose and spoke when they felt like doing so.

The old admiral was angry at his son for becoming a Quaker.

"Why will you not take off your hat before King Charles?" he asked him one day. "If you will promise to do this, I will forgive you."

Young Penn thought it over, but would not promise.

The father now got very angry. He turned his son out of doors. But Penn's mother begged for the boy, and he was allowed to go home again.

At last the admiral became sick. He sent for an old friend, the brother of King Charles. "Look after my boy," he said. "I am sure he will get into a great deal of trouble."

William Penn now became a Quaker preacher. On one occasion he was put in prison for eight months in the gloomy old Tower of London. At another time he

was sent to prison because he would not take off his hat in the courtroom.

King Charles the Second was a merry, light-hearted, and good-natured man. One day Penn went to see him, and as usual kept his broad-brimmed hat on.

The king took his own hat off.

"Friend Charles, why does thee take off thy hat?" asked Penn.

"Because," replied the king, "where I am it is the custom for only one to remain with the head covered."

After Penn had been cast into prison several times, and had suffered insult and hardship, he wished to try "the holy experiment," as he called it. This was to plant a colony in America, "a free colony for all mankind."

King Charles had owed Admiral Penn a large sum of money. This he now owed to the son. But he spent so much money on himself and his friends that he had little to pay his debts.

"Instead of money, friend Charles," said Penn, "give me land on the Delaware River in America. This will pay the debt you owe my father."

It was much easier for the king to give away land which he had never seen than to pay an old debt with real money.

"Yes," said King Charles. "I will give you the land on the west side of the Delaware River. It shall be called Pennsylvania, 'Penn's woods.' This is not in your honor, but in memory of your noble father. For rent, you shall pay me every year two beaver skins and one fifth of all the gold and silver you may find."

Thus it came about that King Charles gave Penn a tract of land in America nearly as large as the whole of England.

In the year 1682 Penn came over to America in the good ship Welcome. The "Quaker king," as he was called, was warmly received by the Quakers who had come over the year before.

Penn sailed up the Delaware River until he came to the place which he had chosen for his capital. To this spot he gave the Bible name of Philadelphia, after a city in Asia spoken of in the New Testament. The name means the City of Brotherly Love.

Penn said that the Indians must be treated kindly and honestly. He would be just to them and live at peace with them. The land should be paid for.

He soon sent word to the Indians to come and meet him. The place was under a big elm tree on the banks of the Delaware River. This tree was afterwards called the Treaty Elm.

On the chosen day, the Indians, with squaws and papooses, came to the meeting under the big tree. The Quakers had no guns or swords. There were no soldiers to be seen. After food was served, the council began. Dressed in his drab clothes, with broad-brimmed hat, and a blue sash, Penn began to talk to the Indians.

"The great God above us," he said, "is father of both the white and the red man. We are all brothers. Let us live in peace."

The Indians were greatly pleased with the kind words and gentle manner of the good man. They talked with each other, and then answered, "We will make a treaty with the white man. We will live in peace with Penn and his children as long as the sun and the moon shall shine."

The pipe of peace was passed round, and each took a whiff.

The Indians kept their word. For many long years the treaty was never broken. As long as the Quakers controlled Pennsylvania, it was said that not a drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by an Indian.

As a pledge the Indians gave Penn a belt called wampum. This belt was made up of eighteen strings of black and white shell beads. It is still kept as a precious relic, and may be seen in Philadelphia.

The Indians were always fond of

William Penn. He slept at times in their wigwams. He ate their roasted corn and hominy. He enjoyed frolics with the Indian children. He took part in the outdoor games of the braves. The good man also talked to the savages about their faith in God, whom they called the Great Spirit.

For many years after Penn died, when an Indian wished to speak well of a white man, he would say, "He is like William Penn."

When Penn's colony was founded, the glad news spread far and wide that there was a country where a poor man could buy a farm. He could make a home and worship God as he pleased, and there was no dread of the Indians.

Settlers from Europe flocked to the new country. The Quaker settlement grew faster than the other colonies. For many years Philadelphia was the largest city in America.

IX

FIGHTING THE INDIANS

THE early settlers of our country lived in constant danger of the Indians. Savages would hide in the woods for weeks to get a chance to burn a lonely log cabin, to shoot and scalp the men at work in the fields, and carry off the women and children.

In those days the women and children were trained to defend themselves with guns and axes. A boy of twelve became a soldier in the log fort. A loophole was given to him, from which he was to shoot when the Indians made an attack.

One day in New England a Mrs. Butler and her two little children were left alone in a log cabin. She looked up from her work and saw an Indian peering in at the window.

She quickly put the children under a big brass kettle. Then seizing a shovelful of coals from the fireplace, she dashed them into the redskin's face.

Maddened with pain, the Indian took to his heels.

One Sunday morning a band of Indians attacked a little village of thirty log houses on the Merrimac River. They killed Mr. Rolfe, the minister. He had two little daughters. A negro servant girl jumped from her bed and led the two frightened children into the cellar. She put them under washtubs, and then hid herself behind a meat barrel.

Down came the Indians. Several times they walked past the tubs where the children were hid. They drank milk from the pans, and threw the pans on the cellar floor. They took the meat from the barrel. But they did not see anybody.

On the same day the savages attacked the house of a Mr. Swan. They tried to

batter down the front door. He was a timid man, and told his wife to let them in.

"Never," cried the pioneer woman; "let me see what I can do."

A big Indian put his back against the stout oak door, and the others crowded against him. The door was slowly pushed open a little way.

Mrs. Swan was quick to act. She seized an iron spit from the fireplace, nearly three feet long. With all her might she drove it through the body of the savage.

The Indians did not like this kind of fighting, and ran away.

In the yard of a little fort on the Ohio frontier a young woman was boiling soap.

The big oak gate of the stockade had been left partly open. A savage with a tomahawk in his hand tried to squeeze through. Quick as a flash the woman dashed a bucket of boiling soap on him.

With a howl the Indian ran into the deep woods and was seen no more.

One night in Kentucky the Indians attacked the cabin of a man named Merrill. Mr. Merrill stood in the door and fired at the savages until he himself was shot several times.

Mrs. Merrill closed the oak door, but the Indians chopped a hole in it and tried to crawl through. She stood at one side and killed two or three with her ax when their heads appeared. This made the savages furious. Two of them climbed to the roof of the cabin, to drop down through the big chimney.

Mrs. Merrill seized a feather bed, cut it open, and threw the feathers on the live coals in the fireplace.

Blinded by the flames and smoke, the Indians tumbled down, and were quickly killed by the brave woman.

In their attacks on settlers the Indians tried all kinds of tricks. The pioneers used to hunt wild turkeys for food. The Indians would imitate the turkey call, and

thus get a chance to shoot the hunter when he came near.

A few settlers from Virginia lived on one of the branches of the Ohio River.

"To the blockhouse! The Indians are coming," was the cry early one morning.

Half a dozen canoes filled with Indians were seen near the bank of the river.

The savages began a lively attack on the stockade. The men fought bravely, while the women made bullets and loaded the guns.

Tom Blake, a lad in the fort, saw a savage creeping through the grass. He fired, and the Indian fell.

"I have killed an Indian," he cried.

"Don't be too sure, my boy," said a gray-headed old hunter, who knew the tricks of the red man; "keep your eye on that redskin until I load my rifle."

"Why, what are you going to do?" asked Tom. "Don't waste good powder and bullet on a dead Indian."

"Wait a moment," said the old hunter, "and keep your eye on your dead Indian."

The savage lay in the grass; only the tip of his shoulder was to be seen. The old hunter took careful aim and fired.

Leaping to his feet with a howl of pain, the wily Indian ran off into the tall grass.

"There goes your dead Indian, my boy. You will learn more about Indians as you grow older."

Such were the days and nights on the frontier. Hundreds of the brave deeds done there have long ago been forgotten.

X

A FAMOUS TEA PARTY

A LITTLE Boston girl, named Betty Endicott, was skipping along home from church, holding her father's hand. It was a cold, snowy Sunday morning late in November. Men were standing in the streets, talking over the news.

"Oh, father," cried Betty, "see that crowd on Beacon Hill."

"The tea ships are coming. The tea ships are coming," shouted some men and boys.

"Yes, Betty," said her father, as they hurried along, "the tea ships are sailing up the harbor. The east wind is cold and sharp. Button your cloak about you. Hurry home and tell the news to mamma."

One night a few weeks later Betty lay

in bed watching her mother sewing in the next room. Her father had been away all evening.

"What can keep papa out so late?" asked Mrs. Endicott. "But, Betty dear, you must go to sleep. Papa will be here soon."

Just then the gate opened, the latch of the door was lifted, and in walked what seemed to be a big Indian.

Mrs. Endicott screamed and nearly fainted.

Betty jumped out of bed and ran to her mother.

"Don't be afraid, Mercy; it is only Joe," said a well-known voice.

"For pity's sake, Joe, what have you been doing?" asked Mrs. Endicott.

"Not much, Mercy; I have only been to a tea party. The boys have been brewing a bit of salt-water tea."

When Mr. Endicott pulled off his tall boots, some tea fell on the floor.

"Why, mother," cried Betty, "there is tea in papa's boots."

"Don't touch the stuff," said Mr. Endicott, and he swept it into the fireplace.

At the time of our story Massachusetts was a colony of England. The people were taxed by the English king, and did not like it. The taxes were then taken off everything except tea.

"We don't care for the tax of a few cents on a pound of tea," our people said; "but if we cannot help to make the laws, the king has no right to tax us at all."

"Buy the taxed tea, or go without," replied King George.

The angry people did go without it.

"We will not have an ounce of this tea. It shall not be landed in our country."

Early on the Monday morning after the tea ships came, the people gathered in the Old South Meetinghouse. The church and street were crowded. The meeting went on all day.

"Send the tea back," shouted one man.

"Get rid of it. Throw it overboard," somebody cried from the gallery.

"The tea must be landed," the governor declared.

"Try it if you dare," replied the people. "Ten thousand men will march into Boston and drive the redcoats out."

The morning of December sixteenth was cold and rainy. The people were again in the Old South Meetinghouse. The governor again refused to allow the tea ships to sail home.

It was now five o'clock. A few candles had been brought in, and dimly lighted the church.

As it grew dark, the crowd grew more and more excited.

"A mob, a mob!" somebody shouted.

"Did anybody ever think how tea would mix with salt water?" shouted John Rowe.

The rafters of the old church fairly shook with the cheers.

Quietly and firmly then rose Samuel Adams, the patriot leader, and said, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

This was the signal that had been agreed on.

A war whoop was heard in the street. A number of men dressed like Mohawk Indians, with axes in their hands, were seen running toward the wharf.

An old song describes what took place:

"Rally, Mohawks! bring out your axes,
And tell King George we'll pay no taxes
On his foreign tea.
His threats are vain, and vain to think,
To force our girls and wives to drink
His vile Bohea.
Then rally, boys, and hasten on,
To meet our chiefs at the Green Dragon."

Another popular song of the day tells how the tea was thrown overboard:

"Quick as thought the ships were boarded,
Hatches burst, and chests displayed;
Axes, hammers, help afforded;
What a glorious crash they made!

"Then overboard she goes, my boys,
In darkling waters roar;
We love our cup of tea full well,
But we love our freedom more."

The "Mohawk Indians" did their work well. The blows of their axes were plainly heard by the crowds of people at the head of the wharf. When the tea had been destroyed, the decks were swept clean, and everything was put in order.

The party now broke up.

An English officer saw the whole affair from a house near the wharf. When the patriots were returning, he raised a window and shouted, "Well, boys, you've had a fine evening for your Indian capers. But mind, you've got to pay the fiddler yet."

"All right, squire," shouted John Pitts; "just come out here, if you please, and we'll settle the bill in two minutes."

The window was slammed down. The "Indians" hastened on their way home.

Such was the famous Boston Tea Party,

which took place nearly one hundred and fifty years ago. Swift riders carried the news everywhere. The people were filled with joy. Bells were rung and bonfires were lighted far and wide in the country towns. The patriots of Boston had defied the demands of an unjust king.

XI

A CIRCLE OF STONES IN THE PAVEMENT

THE Old State House in Boston is on Exchange Square, near the head of State Street. This is one of the most famous historic spots in the city. At the corner of Exchange Street, in the pavement of the square, may be seen a circle of granite blocks, ten feet in diameter. This circle marks the spot where in colonial days several Americans were shot and killed by British soldiers.

The trouble occurred on the evening of March 5, 1770, a little more than five years before the battle of Lexington.

George the Third of England was a selfish young man of twenty-two when he came to the throne. He was eager to show his power.

"The colonies in America belong to me," he said. "They must pay their share of the war debt, and the cost of keeping my soldiers there."

"These colonies are getting rich too fast," was the answer of his advisers. "We need their money. They must trade with us."

So at the close of the French and Indian War the American colonies were forced to pay a tax on sugar, coffee, and many other things shipped from England to this country.

In the year 1765 the Stamp Act was passed. By this law our people were forced to use stamped paper for deeds, notes, bills, and similar things.

No wonder that bells were tolled, flags put at half mast, and shops closed on the day the Stamp Act became a law.

"You must pay the taxes," said King George. "If you don't, I will send over my soldiers and make you do it."

The quarrel grew more and more bitter.

The king was as good as his word, and sent to Boston two regiments of British soldiers.

The boys in the streets soon began to insult the soldiers, and the soldiers insulted the peaceable citizens.

The king's tax collectors had a hard time of it. A crowd of boys pelted one of them with snowballs, and chased him into his house.

The man was in no danger, but he lost his temper. He opened a window and fired his musket. A boy named Snider was killed, and another boy was badly wounded.

"This little hero and first martyr to the noble cause" was given a public funeral. Five hundred school children and a large number of men and women were in the procession.

"My eyes never saw such a funeral," said John Adams, who rode into town to attend the services.

The tax collector was taken to prison.

A few days later a quarrel took place in the Common, between some workmen and the soldiers. The British had the worst of it. They swore they would have revenge. A redcoat boasted that men would dine on Monday who would not eat on Tuesday.

Some of the soldiers were friendly to the citizens, and warned them to keep indoors at night.

It was now the fifth of March, a clear, cold, winter evening with a bright moon. Crowds of men and boys stood on the street corners. Groups of soldiers were on the lookout.

Some rowdies began to strike the redcoats with sticks, and pelt them with ice and snowballs. The soldiers hit back with clubs and guns.

"Drive the lobsterbacks out. They have no business here," shouted the angry crowd.

All at once the bell in the brick meetinghouse close by began to ring. Citizens rushed into the streets with their fire buckets.

"Fire! Fire! Where's the fire? Where is it?" they cried.

"There is no fire," was the reply. "It's a fight with the soldiers. Don't bring your fire buckets; bring clubs."

To the young men this seemed a kind of rough play. To the older and law-abiding citizens it looked like trouble.

The British officer in command was Captain Preston, a prudent and kind-hearted man. When matters grew worse, he hurried up the street with a file of soldiers.

A hundred or more angry men and half-grown boys met them.

"Fire, you lobsterbacks," they yelled to the soldiers. "Fire if you dare."

"Go home, boys," shouted Captain Preston, "lest there be some murder done."

"Fire, fire, you cowards," again shouted the crowd. "You don't dare to fire."

All of a sudden the soldiers fired. They were probably ordered to do so by Captain Preston. Nobody can say who gave the order. Five persons were killed, and several wounded.

It was a wild night in Boston. Drums beat the long roll. The shouts of angry citizens were heard all over the town. The streets grew quiet after midnight, when news was brought that Captain Preston and his men had been put under arrest.

There was great excitement the next day. The streets near the Old South Meetinghouse were crowded. The patriots held a meeting. A committee of seven men, headed by Samuel Adams, was sent to wait on the royal governor, at the Old State House. They demanded that the British soldiers be removed from town.

"I will send one regiment away, but not both," replied the Governor.

With slow steps the committee walked back to the Old South Meetinghouse.

"Both regiments or none," shouted three thousand patriots, when the question was put to vote.

Again the seven men went to the Old State House. This time the committee was not to be trifled with.

Samuel Adams, the sturdy patriot, with powdered wig and his usual suit of reddish brown, stretched out his long right arm, and pointing his finger at the royal governor, said sharply, "If you have power to send away one regiment, you have power to remove both. Three thousand free men demand it. They must be obeyed. Fail then, sir, at your peril."

"I saw his knees tremble," said the old hero in after years, "I saw his face grow pale, and I enjoyed the sight."

Before sunset the order was given to send both regiments to Castle William, in Boston Harbor.

Such is the story of the Boston Massacre, as it is called.

"On that night," said John Adams, "the foundation of American independence was laid."

Wise men saw that the time was coming when they must take up arms against the mother country, which they loved so well.

XII

POLLY DAGGETT SAVES THE FLAGPOLE

OFF the southeast coast of Massachusetts there is an island called Martha's Vineyard. On the island is the little village of Vineyard Haven, a snug and safe harbor well known to every sailor on that coast.

During our war for freedom from England the people on the island were sturdy patriots. Shortly after the battle of Lexington the leading men of the village sent to Maine and bought a big pine tree for a flagpole.

They raised the pole on a little hill just outside of the village.

There was a lively time in the little seaport town when the flag was first unfurled. A few old soldiers marched to the hill.

The young men with their fife and drum played the stirring and patriotic tune of the day, "The White Cockade and the Peacock's Feather." Children were in the procession, too, dressed in their Sunday clothes, with their hands full of flowers.

The flagpole had been there only a few weeks when the British frigate Vixen came sailing into the harbor. She had lost a mast in a storm, and came into Vineyard Haven in search of a new one. The first officer, Lieutenant Dix, landed with a boat full of men.

"We are bound for Charleston," said the lieutenant, "and we need that flagpole for a mast. We can pay you well for it. If you will not sell it, we shall have to take it by force."

What could the people do?

Only a few old men and sailors were left in the village. Most of the young men were at Boston, in Washington's army. Besides, the officer would pay a goodly

price in gold. So it was voted to sell the flagpole.

"Very well," said Lieutenant Dix, "here is your money. My ship carpenters will come ashore in the morning."

When Grandfather Daggett came home to dinner that day and told the family what had happened, the women were greatly excited about it. Polly Daggett, the granddaughter, a sturdy young patriot of sixteen, was very angry.

"That British officer shall never have our flagpole if I can help it," she cried, and her black eyes flashed.

Now Polly Daggett was a smart girl. She ran across the beach to have a talk with her two chums, Bessie Nickerson and Nancy Freeman. That afternoon the three girls had a secret meeting in an old whale-boat by the wharf.

"There is a big auger in grandpa's boat-house," said Polly, "but what shall we do for powder?"

"Father has his big powderhorn full of powder in the closet near the fireplace," replied Bessie Nickerson; "I can easily get it."

"Now, Nancy," said Polly, "see if you cannot find some wadding and some candle wicks for a fuse."

"All right, Polly; mother made candles last week, and there are a few wicks left. I will bring them."

Shortly after dark the three girls might have been seen taking a short cut through the fields and across the sand dunes to the hilltop.

Polly was a strong girl and knew how to use the auger. She bored three holes into the soft pine pole. Then with a pewter spoon she filled each hole with powder, put in the wicks for a fuse, and with a piece of a broomstick rammed down the wadding. At last all was ready.

Halfway down the hill lived an old lady, Aunt Deborah Baker. Polly and Aunt

Deborah were good friends, and the girls had told her their secret.

Polly now ran down the hill to Aunt Deborah's cottage, and came back with a little iron kettle full of live coals. She quickly lighted the wicks, and cried to her companions, "Now, then, girls, run for Aunt Deborah's as fast as you can."

She seized her iron kettle, and all three girls took to their heels. A moment later, out of breath and much excited, they were seated before the great fireplace in Aunt Deborah's kitchen.

They had not long to wait.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" went the three blasts.

The people afterwards said that every house in the village seemed to shake. At all events, the explosion splintered the flagpole and ruined it.

The British came the next day for the new mast. The captain of the warship was angry to find the flagpole in splinters.

Lieutenant Dix came ashore.

The town fathers told him that some of the bad boys in the village must have destroyed the pole. Of course they tried to find out who had played such a trick, but they could not learn anything about it. Aunt Deborah said nothing, but quietly smiled.

The British frigate sailed for New York.

The three girls kept their secret for several years. Not until the war was over did they tell the story of how they prevented the British officers from using their beloved flagpole for a mast.

In 1898 the Daughters of the American Revolution put up a liberty pole on the same spot where the old pole stood so many years before. A bronze tablet tells the story of Polly Daggett's bold deed, and how she did her best to serve her country in the trying days of the Revolution.

XIII

PEGGY WHITE CALLS ON LORD CORNWALLIS

DURING our war for freedom the British captured a thousand of our men at the battle of Camden, in South Carolina. Among the prisoners was a young captain named Joshua White.

The news made Captain White's family very unhappy. There were five children, and the mother was sick in bed.

Peggy, the oldest child, was fifteen. She was a fearless little patriot. She dearly loved her father. She liked to hear of his brave fighting under the gallant General Sumter.

Now all was changed. Some friend brought word that her father was starving

in the prison at Camden. The young girl was greatly excited.

"Father is not going to starve, if I can help it," she declared, in her girlish wrath. "I am going to ride over to Camden and see about it."

"No, no, Peggy," replied her mother; "it is thirty-five miles, and the roads are full of British soldiers. I cannot let you go."

"But, mother," said Peggy, "father must not go hungry. I will go straight to Lord Cornwallis. I know he will let me carry food to father."

"No, dear child, you would never get a chance to speak to so great a man as Lord Cornwallis. He would never bother to see a young girl like you. Let us wait awhile. Your father may escape. I am sure he would never want you to risk your life in this way."

"Well, mother, I'll tell you what I am going to do. I will ride on Kitty, my sad-

dle horse, and take old Pompey with me. He can ride on one of the work horses, and carry a basket of food."

At last her mother consented.

Before sunrise the next day Peggy and Pompey, an old negro servant, started off on their ride to the camp of Lord Cornwallis. By taking short cuts through the woods, and hiding when straggling soldiers passed by, they traveled safely all day.

Late in the afternoon they came in sight of the British general's headquarters.

"Please, sir, I wish to speak to General Cornwallis," Peggy said to the guard.

"No," said the sentinel; "you cannot see him. This is no place for you. His lordship is too busy to talk with you. So run along home. And as for you, you old darkey, be off right quickly, or you'll be put in the guardhouse."

Peggy was not a bit afraid of the tall sentinel.

"But, sir," she said, "I have come on

horseback a long way to see the general. I must see him for a moment. Please let me pass."

The guard lost his temper, and spoke harshly to her.

Lord Cornwallis was sitting in his room making plans for the war. The loud talking of the sentinel at the porch disturbed him.

"Go and find out what that talk is about," he said to one of his officers; "I wish to be quiet."

"Your lordship," said the officer, on his return, "it is a young girl with an old negro servant, and she says she must speak to you."

"Let the young miss come in."

No doubt Peggy's courage failed her, and she blushed and began to stammer when she took her first look at the famous man. How fine he must have seemed in his scarlet uniform with its lace and gold buttons!

But the general treated his guest with great kindness.

"Don't be afraid, little miss; there is nobody to do you any harm. I have a little girl of my own in England. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, sir, my poor father is in prison, at Camden, and is awfully hungry. I have brought some goodies for him in this basket. Please may I carry it to him?"

In a few minutes Peggy had told Lord Cornwallis the whole story of her long ride, of her father at Camden, of her sick mother, and of the four little children at home.

The British general listened to her simple but pathetic words. His heart was touched.

He patted her on the head, and taking her by the hand, said, "Dear little girl, you may carry the food to your father this evening, and to-morrow he may go home with you."

We do not know how Peggy was able to thank Lord Cornwallis for his kindness.

Of course there was a joyful time at the plantation when Peggy, father, and old Pompey came home.

Captain White was so proud of his brave little daughter that he had a pair of gold earrings made for her by the village locksmith.

Peggy lived many years. In her old age nothing pleased her more than to show her homemade earrings to her grandchildren, and tell them of her long ride and of her call on Lord Cornwallis.

XIV

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

THE famous Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, in 1706. His father and mother were poor, but brought up a family of thirteen children and seven grandchildren. His father earned a living by making soap and candles.

In those early days even little children helped to support the family. So when young Ben was ten years old, he was taken from school to work in his father's shop. He cut the wicks for candles, and filled the molds with hot tallow. Sometimes he tended the shop, or ran errands.

Like many other boys, he wanted to be a sailor. He lived near the water, and was fond of swimming and of managing boats.

"You would never do for a sailor, my son," said his father; "how should you like to be a printer?"

The boy was pleased, and in due time began to learn the printer's trade in the office of his brother James.

For a time young Ben was happy. His spare moments he devoted to reading. What few pennies he had, he spent for useful books.

"If you will give me half of what it costs to board me, I will board myself," he said to his brother.

James was only too glad to do this.

Thus the young printer saved money and bought books.

He ate his dinner at the shop. This meal was often nothing more than a biscuit or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins or a tart, and a glass of water. The rest of the noon hour, until the workmen came back, he had for study.

Brother James printed a little news-

paper called the *New England Courant*. This was the fourth newspaper ever printed in this country.

The young brother began to write some pieces for it. For fear that his brother would find out who wrote them, he used to slip them at night under the door of the office. Sometimes he wrote little ballads on topics of the day, and sold them about the streets of Boston.

Now Ben and his brother did not get along very well together. Ben was sometimes saucy. But James had a bad temper, and often abused him when he did not deserve it.

When only seventeen years old, the young printer made up his mind to run away. He sold some of his books to raise a little money, packed up a few clothes, and sailed for New York.

Three days afterwards he landed, but could find no work. He then set out for Philadelphia.

He made the trip partly by boat and partly on foot. After a good many mishaps and hardships he reached the city, on a Sunday morning in October, with no money but one silver dollar and a shilling in coppers. He wore knee breeches of buckskin, and a huge coat, the pockets of which were "stuffed out with shirts and spare stockings."

He was so hungry that he hurried to the nearest bakeshop and bought "three great puffy rolls of bread." Carrying a roll under each arm, and eating the third, he took his way down the street.

A young Quaker girl, named Deborah Read, happened to see him as he passed by her father's house. She laughed aloud at his queer figure.

Franklin continued to eat the roll, and walked to the river for a drink of water. On his way back he followed some Quakers into one of their meetings. He was so tired that he fell asleep. He slept till the

meeting broke up, when somebody was kind enough to wake him.

In a few days Franklin was busy at his trade. Unlike many other young fellows of his time, he was never idle. He spent his spare moments in study and reading. He made friends everywhere. In 1729, when he was twenty-three years old, he began to publish a newspaper of his own, called the *Pennsylvania Gazette*. It soon became one of the best papers in the country.

In 1730 Franklin married Deborah Read, the young woman who had laughed at him on the morning that he arrived in Philadelphia.

In the story of his own life Franklin writes of his thrifty young wife:

"We have an English proverb that says, 'He that would thrive, must ask his wife.' It was lucky for me that I had one as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in

my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the paper makers, etc., etc. We kept no idle servants, our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast was a long time bread and milk (no tea), and I ate it out of a twopenny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon. But mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress, in spite of principle: being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl, with a spoon of silver! They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three-and-twenty shillings, for which she had no other excuse or apology to make, but that she thought *her* husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as well as any of his neighbors."

Benjamin Franklin lived to a good old age, and served his country in many ways, both at home and abroad. From poverty,

ignorance, and obscurity, he arose to wealth, learning, and renown. As printer, journalist, statesman, diplomat, scientist, and philosopher, he was one of the most famous men of his time. But whatever he did, he tried to do for the welfare and happiness of his fellow men.

XV

"POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC"

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was first made famous by his "Poor Richard's Almanac." In those early days the annual almanac was to be found in almost every household. It generally hung near the fireplace, within easy reach of any member of the family who was able to read.

The almanac told about the weather, the crops, and the domestic animals. It gave household recipes, important dates and events, and similar things.

Money was scarce, but the people felt that they must have an almanac. Thrifty housekeepers used to exchange home-knit articles, such as mittens and stockings, for the much-needed book. Sometimes, they

say, even the copper teakettle was given for it.

Franklin published the first number of "Poor Richard's Almanac" in 1732, the year that Washington was born. It was a great success. Besides useful information, it contained proverbs, maxims, and other common-sense advice.

Poor Richard's sayings soon became household words throughout the land. They are so common in our own everyday speech that most of us have forgotten who made them.

In the story of his own life Franklin tells us how he tried to make his almanac benefit and educate the people:

"Observing that the almanac was generally read, scarcely any neighborhood in the province being without it, I considered it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books; I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred

between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality, as a means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want, to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, 'It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.'"

Franklin was too honest to claim that he made up all the maxims in Poor Richard. "Not a tenth part of the wisdom," he once said, "was my own, but rather the gleanings I had made of the sense of all ages and nations." With his own quaint humor, sparkling wit, worldly wisdom, and sound common sense, he wrote these sayings in such a way that they could be understood by everybody. Poor Richard's sayings have been translated into many languages. It is said that perhaps more people have read them than any other book in the world except the Bible.

We will close our story with some of

these famous proverbs. Let us think them over and commit them to memory. If we do so, and abide by their teaching, they will help us to live happier and more useful lives.

POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS

A small leak will sink a great ship.

The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

Want of care does more damage than want of knowledge.

He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing.

Constant dropping wears away stones.

Then plough deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

God helps them that help themselves.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy.

Lost time is never found again.

Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.

He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.
A word to the wise is enough, and many words won't fill a bushel.
Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.
The sleeping fox catches no poultry.
Laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him.
If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.
For age and want, save while you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.

XVI

239 ARCH STREET

SOME day you may visit the city of Philadelphia. When you go there, you will wish to see the little brick house at 239 Arch Street. This house was built before Washington was born. It is said that the bricks were brought from England in one of William Penn's ships, more than two hundred years ago.

You will be interested to see the wide doors, the small panes of glass in the windows, and the quaint pictures on the tiles at the fireplace.

But this house has a story more interesting than its odd looks. That is why hundreds of visitors every year from all

over our loved land go to this spot when they pass through the good old Quaker city.

Our story begins on a warm, sunny morning in June, in the year 1777. In the little brick house at 239 Arch Street lived a young Quaker woman named Betsy Ross.

On this bright June morning every nook and corner about the place was as neat and clean as the tidy young housekeeper could make it. General Washington had sent word to her that he was coming to call, to see about the making of a flag. On July 4, 1776, the American colonies had declared their freedom, in the great Declaration of Independence. It was now time that this new nation had a flag of its own.

The clock in a neighboring church had just struck twelve, when the dignified commander in chief of the army and the famous banker, Robert Morris, were invited into Betsy Ross's tiny back parlor.

Soon the stiff, formal greetings between the great men and their timid hostess were over. Washington then took from his pocket a sketch of a flag.

"We are told, madam," he said, "that you do the finest needlework in the city. Here is a rough drawing of a flag. It has thirteen stripes, seven red and six white, with a circle of thirteen white stars in a blue field. Do you think you can make the flag we need?"

"I am not sure, General Washington, but I will do my best to please you."

"I must ask you, madam," continued Washington, "to make the stars as I have drawn them."

"But, General Washington, the stars in the sky seem to have five points, and yours have six. Permit me, sir, to show you what I mean."

With a single clip of her scissors she cut out a perfect five-pointed star.

"My good woman, I have no doubt you

WITH A SINGLE CLIP OF HER SCISSORS SHE CUT OUT A PERFECT FIVE-POINTED STAR. *Page* 100.

are right," said General Washington. "You may make for us a sample flag as I have directed, but let the stars have five points."

With stately bows and formal words of farewell the gentlemen now took their leave.

Never did Betsy Ross do finer needlework, and her beautiful flag was accepted for the nation.

When Vermont and Kentucky came into the Union, the stars and the stripes were increased to fifteen. After a time other new states were admitted, and new stars and new stripes were going to be added to the flag.

But the people did not like to have so many changes made in the flag.

"This will never do," they said. "There are too many stars and stripes. It will mar our flag."

So it was decided that after July 4, 1818, there should be only thirteen stripes, for

the thirteen original states; but that when a new state was admitted into the Union, a new star should be added.

One by one new stars have taken their place, until to-day there are forty-eight in the field of blue.

XVII

EMILY GEIGER'S DARING RIDE

DURING the first three years of the War of the Revolution, South Carolina was overrun by British soldiers. The people had to endure many perils and hardships. The British officers took possession of the great plantations, while their owners lived in the swamps and elsewhere as best they could.

In the year 1781 the redcoats were slowly being driven from their strongholds in the South. One of the most important of these places was the fort called Ninety-six. General Greene planned to capture this, but was forced to retreat, with the British in hot pursuit.

Soon afterwards the patriot scouts found out that the British forces had divided.

General Greene now got ready to make

a quick attack. But he must send word to General Sumter, a hundred miles away, to come and join him. Somebody would have to pass through the British lines to reach Sumter's camp. The messenger might be captured. There were deep woods to go through, and swamps and rivers to cross. The redcoats and Tories were on guard at every turn of the road. At best the trip would take two days and a night of hard travel.

At this time there lived in this region a brave young girl of eighteen named Emily Geiger. Her father was a stanch patriot, but was too old and feeble to serve in the army.

As soon as Emily heard that a messenger was needed, she did not say a word about it to her people, but rode over to General Greene's headquarters.

"If you will trust me, General Greene, I will carry your message to General Sumter. I am not afraid of the redcoats or

the Tories. They will not harm me. I will go when you say the word."

"No," said the general. "The trip is too full of danger for a young girl like you. You will surely come to some harm."

"Let me try," was her eager reply. "My horse is the swiftest and strongest in South Carolina."

Her faith in herself won his consent, and he handed her his letter to General Sumter.

"Now, Emily, you are likely to be captured, and so you must commit my letter to memory. If you are made prisoner, you must destroy it, but be able to repeat it word for word to General Sumter."

Early on the next morning the girl started on her long and perilous ride. She rode swiftly all day. At midnight she came to the edge of a dried-up swamp.

"Halt," came quick and sharp the challenge from a soldier as he raised his gun.

Two other soldiers were sitting on a log with their muskets ready to fire.

"You have no right to stop me," she cried; "I must ride on."

"No, no. Perhaps you come from General Greene's army."

The scouts led her into a house close by and locked her in a room. They then went to find a Tory woman to search their prisoner.

Emily was left alone for a few minutes. She took the letter from her pocket, tore it into bits, and swallowed the pieces.

Soon the redcoats came back with an old woman, who began to search the girl. She ripped open the linings of her clothing, but found nothing.

The young girl's coolness and quiet good nature misled them, and they allowed her to ride on her way.

Late on the same day she was again held up, this time by Tories. They took her to an old farmhouse.

At midnight, when even the guards were sound asleep, she climbed out of a window

and dropped to the ground. She found a bridle and her own horse in the pasture. Without a saddle she mounted and galloped off in the darkness.

About daylight she made her way to the house of a patriot friend. After a good breakfast, a fresh horse was given her. She was then told of a shorter and safer road to Sumter's camp.

Later that day she met some patriot scouts.

"Guide me at once to General Sumter," she said; "I have a message for him from General Greene."

"What can I do for you?" asked the great Southern general, when the girl appeared before him.

Emily was so weary that she could hardly speak. At last she told her story, and repeated what was written in the letter.

In less than an hour Sumter's little army was on the march.

As the story goes, General Greene gave the fair girl a pair of gold earrings and a brooch, which are still kept in the family.

More than thirty years afterwards General Lafayette, the famous French soldier who helped us in the Revolution, visited this country. He met our heroine and danced with her, at a grand ball at Columbia, the capital of South Carolina. He also gave her a beautiful silk shawl as a souvenir of her patriotism.

XVIII

LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS

WHEN our war for freedom began, Kentucky was being settled by brave men and women who went there to make homes for themselves. To reach this distant land they could go down the Ohio River, or follow the Wilderness Road, a famous trail made by Daniel Boone.

Families often banded together to take up their march over the mountains and into the deep forests. The larger boys drove the cattle. The little children were packed in cradles made of hickory limbs, and slung across the backs of horses. The women rode on horseback. Sometimes they walked, with a baby in their arms.

The men, with their rifles at hand, drove the pack train, or watched for the Indians.

At night a shelter of brush was made for the women and children. The men rolled themselves up in blankets and slept on the open ground.

When the settlers reached Kentucky, they had much to do. The ax and the rifle were in constant use. Log cabins must be built. The big trees must be cut down, and the ground must be made ready to plant corn.

Until the corn was ripe, the men hunted, and the families lived on the game, which was plentiful. In the winter the wild meat was often poor eating. Sometimes a fat bear was discovered in a hollow tree, and the people had a feast. If the corn failed, the meat from the breast of wild turkeys was eaten in the place of bread.

There is a little river in Kentucky called Dreaming Creek. They say it was so named because Daniel Boone once fell

asleep on its bank, and dreamed that he was stung by yellow hornets. Here in a log cabin, amid the deep woods, lived a family by the name of Kirby. In the family were father and mother and three little children.

Now all the dangers of frontier life did not come from the Indians. The woods were full of wild beasts. When pinched by hunger, wolves, bears, and panthers often lay in wait near the houses of the settlers, to attack children and even grown-up people.

One morning in early spring Mr. Kirby took down his rifle and made ready to go hunting.

"Now, Martha, don't let the children go outside the cabin to-day. Bears are ugly this time of the year, and there are plenty of them round. Keep a sharp lookout."

The day was warm and sunny. It seemed as if the birds had never sung so

sweetly. Early wild flowers were in bloom on the edge of the forest.

Before Mrs. Kirby knew it, all three children had slipped from the cabin and were out of sight in the woods.

"Dear me, if those children haven't scampered off somewhere. I'll go and look for them this very minute."

Just as she said this, there came a cry from the little boy.

"Oh, mother! Mother! Come quick, there's a bear after Hattie."

Mrs. Kirby ran to the door, nearly fainting with fear. All three children were screaming and running toward the cabin. Close behind them came a big bear.

Like all frontier women of that time, Mrs. Kirby knew how to use a gun. She seized a big pistol from its place over the stone fireplace, and hurried out. She was just in time. The bear was lame, but had almost caught the youngest child.

With a snarl the beast turned and

started toward Mrs. Kirby. She calmly faced the animal, took good aim, and fired. The lead slugs hit the bear in the head and stunned him. The mother caught up her child and ran for the cabin. In another moment all were safe inside, and the stout oak door was shut.

Mr. Kirby was not far away in the woods when he heard the shot.

"What can be the matter at home?" he cried.

He hurried back, and was glad enough to find that all were safe and well.

"First of all," he said, "I must finish Mr. Bruin."

A bullet from the big rifle put an end to the bear. When they looked over the body, they found that some hunter had shot the animal on the foreleg. That was why he could not run faster.

"I think the bear was so lame," said Mr. Kirby, "that he had hard work to get enough to eat; perhaps that is the rea-

son why he chased the children in broad daylight. If he had not been lame, he would probably have killed one or all of them."

XIX

"REMEMBER THE ALAMO"

"Be sure you are right, then go ahead."
DAVID CROCKETT.

TEXAS was once a part of Mexico. The country was thinly settled. The Mexicans welcomed people from the United States, and gave them large tracts of land. After a while about twenty thousand of our people were living there. The Mexicans became jealous, and said that no others should be admitted.

The people of Texas did not like to be ruled by Mexico. In the year 1833 they asked to have their freedom. The Mexicans refused, and sent soldiers to guard the country. But in March, 1836, the people declared themselves free, and drove the soldiers out.

A cruel soldier by the name of Santa

Anna was now the president of Mexico. He got together a large army and marched into Texas.

Hundreds of backwoodsmen and Indian fighters from the South and West rushed to help the Texans in their fight for liberty.

It was not long before Santa Anna attacked the town of San Antonio.

Inside the town was a Spanish mission, called the Alamo. Like other Spanish missions in the region, the Alamo was a kind of rude fortress. Within its great walls were a stone church, a convent, and other small buildings. The walls of the church were five feet thick and twenty-two feet high. The building was about a hundred years old. It was without a roof, and almost in ruins. Small cannon were mounted on the walls.

When the Mexican army arrived, the little garrison of San Antonio had time to retreat to the Alamo.

Santa Anna sent word to the rebels to surrender.

Colonel Travis was in command. He was a young lawyer from North Carolina, a tall, red-headed fighter, just twenty-eight years old.

"I shall never surrender or retreat," was his reply to Santa Anna.

Second in command was Colonel Bowie, inventor of the famous bowie knife. At this time he was sick in bed, but, as it proved, not too ill to fight.

In the nick of time in tramped the heroic David Crockett with "Betsy," his famous long rifle. With him came twelve riflemen from the wilds of Tennessee. They were all armed with long rifles and bowie knives, and dressed in buckskin suits and coon-skin caps.

One dark night thirty-two riflemen on horseback from a garrison close by cut their way to the Alamo.

Three hundred men from a garrison two

hundred miles away started for the Alamo, but were forced to turn back. Their leader, a schoolboy friend of Colonel Travis, made his way alone through the Mexican lines at midnight and reached the stone church.

Santa Anna at first made little headway. The men in the Alamo kept up a brisk fire with their rifles and cannon. But they were fighting against fearful odds, one hundred and sixty-six against five thousand well-trained Mexican soldiers.

Travis wrote his last letter. "I shall hold the place," he said, "until I get relief for my people, or I shall perish in the attempt."

On one of the last days of the siege he called his men together and made a short speech: "There is no hope of help. Death stares us in the face. There is nothing to do but to sell our lives as dearly as we can. Whoever is willing to die like a man, let him cross this line."

Calmly and silently every man stepped across the line and stood beside the leader. Colonel Bowie had himself lifted across in his bed.

"We will stay and die with you," cried the men, as they went to their places on the outer wall.

The siege lasted eleven days. The riflemen in the Alamo put up a desperate fight. The Mexicans had heavy cannon with which they kept up a furious bombardment.

The riflemen crept up after dark and picked off the men at the cannon. As the story is told, David Crockett with his famous gun killed five men at one cannon.

Little by little the walls of the old stone church were riddled with cannon balls. No doubt the Texans could have cut their way out at night, but nobody dared even to hint at such a thing.

Sunday morning, the sixth of May, 1836, was the time chosen by Santa Anna to

storm the church. The Mexican bugles sounded at sunrise.

With ladders, axes, and crowbars, twenty-five hundred Mexicans charged against the outer walls of the mission. They were met with a deadly fire of shot and shell. Not until their third trial were they able to climb over the walls.

The Texans now retreated to the convent and the shattered walls of the church.

Here a terrible hand-to-hand fight took place. The Mexicans used their muskets and lances. The Americans fired their long rifles and pistols, and made havoc with their bowie knives.

One by one these heroic men fell fighting to the last.

We are told that David Crockett was the last to die. Using his gun as a club, he stood at bay with his back to the wall of the church. No Mexican dared to come near him. At last he fell, weak from the loss of blood from a dozen wounds.

Santa Anna did not live long to enjoy his victory. Within a few weeks the gallant General Sam Houston, at the head of about seven hundred and fifty riflemen, shouting their battle cry, "Remember the Alamo," routed the Mexican troops and captured their leader.

Texas now became a free state. On the porch of the Capitol, in Austin, was built a monument out of stone from the ruined church of the Alamo. Engraved on the east side of the shaft were the following words:

"Thermopylæ had her messengers of death, but the Alamo had none."

XX

LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

THE greatest event in the history of our country was the War of the Revolution. This was the struggle in which the colonies won their freedom from England.

The next greatest event was our Civil War, between the North and the South.

The cause of the Civil War was slavery. In the South the plantations were cultivated by Negro slaves. This had been done for more than two hundred years.

The Southern people believed that the Constitution of the United States gave the right to have slavery in every part of our land. The people of the North did not agree with them. Thus a dispute arose about the meaning of the Constitution.

In the year 1860 Abraham Lincoln was

elected President. Soon after his election some of the Southern states separated from the other states, and set up a government of their own.

Many people in the North felt that they had the right to do so.

Horace Greeley, editor of the New York *Tribune*, wrote, "If the cotton states shall decide that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace."

Abraham Lincoln hated war, but he believed that it was his duty to preserve the Union. When he made his first address as President, he appealed to the South to remain in the Union.

"We are not enemies," he said, "but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this

broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

But the appeal was in vain. On the morning of the twelfth of April, 1861, the Southerners fired on Fort Sumter, in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina. Thus began a bitter and bloody war which was to last for four years.

The greatest battle of the war was fought at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, on Northern soil. This was in the summer of 1863. The battle lasted three days, and cost the lives of many thousands of men.

The first two days ended in favor of the Southerners. But on the third day the tide of battle turned. On this day took place the most dramatic scene of the entire war. The gallant General Pickett, of the Southern army, led the famous charge up Cemetery Ridge, to dislodge the Northern troops, but was defeated with heavy losses.

The battle of Gettysburg was the turning point of the war.

In November of this year, before a large gathering of people, a part of the battlefield at Gettysburg was dedicated as a National Cemetery. The speaker of the day was Edward Everett. His oration was received with great applause.

President Lincoln then arose to say a few words. He touched the hearts of his hearers so deeply that they sat in silence after he had finished. He thought that his speech was a failure, but afterwards learned what a deep impression it had made.

Lincoln's address at Gettysburg is one of the masterpieces of the English language. You should learn it by heart.

THE ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a

new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war; testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate — we can not consecrate — we can not hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work

which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

XXI

"THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY"

"To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back,
To look out and not in, and
To lend a hand."

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

HEMMED in by the narrow and busy streets of Boston lies the quiet Public Garden, the most beautiful spot in this old city. Here people pass and repass daily to and from their work, or come to enjoy the flowers and the shade of the trees.

Just inside one of the gateways is the large bronze figure of a venerable man with flowing hair and gentle face. He carries his hat and walking stick. Perhaps he is going to his church, not far away.

This is the clergyman Edward Everett Hale. Nobody in New England was better known or loved than this earnest man, who did so much for his city and his country. His statue was put in this public place to keep us in mind of his goodness.

Now Edward Everett Hale was no less patriotic than he was good and kind. During the Civil War he wrote a story to awaken love for our native land. The name of the story is "The Man Without a Country." The story is not true, but it teaches us how unhappy we should be if we cared more for ourselves than for our native land.

Some day you will enjoy reading the story in Doctor Hale's own words. It will make you more loyal to your country and your flag.

The hero of the story is Philip Nolan, who is said to be a young officer in the army.

In the year 1805 Nolan joined in a plot

to overthrow the government of the United States. He was tried before a court of military officers, and found guilty.

When he was asked if he had anything to say for himself, he cursed his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

Of course the gray-headed officers were terribly shocked, especially old Colonel Morgan, who conducted the trial.

Colonel Morgan now called the officers into his private room. In fifteen minutes he returned with a face as white as a sheet.

"Prisoner," he said in a very solemn voice, "hear the sentence of the court. The court decides that your wish is to be fulfilled, and that you are never to hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Colonel Morgan was too solemn, and for a minute the whole room was hushed dead as night.

It was decided that Nolan should spend

his life at sea, on some one of the war-ships of the country. He was to be treated as an officer of his rank in the regular army. He was never to hear the name of his native land spoken. He was never to see or read a book or newspaper that printed a word of her history. He was never to speak or listen to a word from anybody who might give him a bit of news from home.

If the ship on which he was sailing lay for months in some foreign port, he was almost never allowed to go on shore. He could read the foreign papers that came on board, but every stray bit of news or even an advertisement that spoke of the United States must first be cut out.

Every detail of his punishment was carried out with the rigid discipline of the navy. He was invited in turn to dine with the officers; but no mess cared to have him often, for it prevented all talk about the news from home.

The sailors called him Plain-Buttons. He received this name because the buttons on his uniform did not bear the initials of the United States.

Nolan lived a very busy life. He read five hours every day. He was a student of natural history. The sailors were eager to bring him specimens of queer living things. His notebooks were filled with beautiful drawings of birds and animals.

He always kept up his exercise, and was never known to be ill. If any other man was sick, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons did. If anybody died on shipboard, he was always ready to read prayers. It is said that he read beautifully.

At last, an old man of over eighty years, Philip Nolan came to his deathbed. For fifty-six years he had been sailing all over the world, and had never heard a word about his native land.

Through all these years the poor fellow bore his punishment without complaint. He became loved and respected by all. He was eager to befriend and teach the young sailors, and some of them seemed to worship him.

Lieutenant Danforth was with him on his last voyage.

When Nolan lay dying, he thought of his home, and begged Danforth to tell him of his country.

"O Danforth," he said, "I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? — Stop. Stop. Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America, a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. But tell me — tell me something — tell me everything, Danforth, before I die."

"Mr. Nolan," said Danforth, "I will

tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?"

"God bless you," he said, pressing his hand. "Tell me their names," and he pointed to the stars on the flag. "The last I know is Ohio." Danforth told him the names, and drew them on his map.

Then Nolan settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear him tell in an hour the history of fifty years. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the questions of fifty-six years.

After a while Nolan became tired, and wished to sleep.

In an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found that the old man had breathed his life away with a smile.

In Nolan's Bible was found a slip of paper on which the poor fellow had written his last wish:

"Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at

Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it,

'IN MEMORY OF

PHILIP NOLAN

LIEUTENANT IN THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES

HE LOVED HIS COUNTRY AS NO OTHER MAN HAS LOVED HER; BUT NO MAN DESERVED LESS AT HER HANDS.'"

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

A

Abraham, *a'bra-ham*
Alamo, *ä'lä-mo* (*ä* as in *arm*)
Albany, *all'ba-ny*
Alden, *all'den*
Amsterdam, *am'ster-dam*
Antonio, *an-to'ni-o*
Asia, *a'sha*
Atlantic, *at-lan'tic*
Austin, *os'tin*

B

Bahamas, *ba-ha'maz*
Benjamin, *ben'ja-min*
Bohea, *bo-he'*
Boone, *boon*
Bowie, *bo'e*
Brewster, *broo'ster*

C

Cabot, *kab'ut*
Carolina, *kar-o-li'na*
Charleston, *charlz'tun*
Christopher, *kris'to-fer*
Columbia, *ko-lum'bi-a*
Columbus, *ko-lum'bus*
Connecticut, *ko-net'i-kut*
Cornwallis, *korn-wall'is*
Crockett, *krok'et*
Crusoe, *kru'so*

D

Daggett, *dag'et*
Daniel, *dan'yel*
Deborah, *deb'o-ra*

E

Endicott, *en'di-kot*
England, *ing'gland*
Europe, *u'rup*
Everett, *ev'er-et*

F

Ferdinand, *fur'di-nand*
Florida, *flor'i-da*
France, *frans*

G

Gazette, *ga-zet'*
Geiger, *gi'ger* (*g* as in *get*)
Genoa, *jen'o-a*
Gettysburg, *get'is-burg* (*g* as in *get*)
Goffe, *goff*
Greene, *green*

H

Holland, *hol'and*
Houston, *hūs'tun* (*ū* as in *use*)

I

India, *in'di-a*
Isabella, *iz-a-bel'a*
Italian, *ĭ-tal'yan* (*ĭ* as in *it*)
Italy, *it'a-ly*

J

Joshua, *josh'u-a*

K

Kentucky, *ken-tuk'y*

L

Lafayette, *lah-fa-yet'*
Lancaster, *lang'kas-ter*
Lincoln, *ling'kun*
Lisbon, *liz'bun*

M

Manhattan, *man-hat'an*
Massachusetts, *mas-a-chu'sets*
Massasoit, *mas'a-soit*
Merrimac, *mer'i-mak*
Mohawk, *mo'hok*

O

Orleans, *or'le-anz*

P

Pennsylvania, *pen-sil-va'ni-a*
Philadelphia, *fil-a-del'fi-a*
Plymouth, *plim'uth*
Portugal, *pōr'tu-gal* (*ō* as in *port*)
Priscilla, *prĭ-sil'a* (*ĭ* as in *it*)

R

Rhode, *rode*
Rolfe, *rolf*
Rowe, *ro*

S

Salvador, *sal-va-dōr'* (*ō* as in *port*)
Samuel, *sam'u-el*
Stuyvesant, *sti've-sant*
Swansea, *swon'se*

T

Tennessee, *ten-e-se'*
Thermopylæ, *thur-mop'i-lee*

V

Vermont, *ver-mont'*
Vineyard, *vin'yard*
Virginia, *ver-jin'i-a*

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